[ficlet] Praying Hurts

Title: Praying Hurts
Fandom: Supernatural
Rating: R?
Warnings: Violence, creepy stuff.
Characters: Raphael, Castiel.
Prompt: Godless is no state for an angel to be, Raphael thinks. / And the voices that filter down to him from the dark voids beyond creation - the voices of older, stranger things - agree.
Notes: Written for **SHARP_TEETH**'s fic meme thing, specifically for this prompt here https://sharp-teeth.livejournal.com/5555.html?thread=1190835

Praying *hurts*.

His thoughts run together in frozen loops and he can only identify enemies and he knows that he draws more to him when he prays.

(There is only one name that he cares to remember, one name that gives him the courage and hatred to continue this, to bear the pain of prayer.)

It burns and chills him as he begs blessings from the *things* that have deigned to notice him, and he can feel the lesser, emotional pain that flows to him as Heaven notices and reels back from a prayer they all can hear.

But his sword is strong, his eyes are like fires, and Raphael slays those brethren sent to him, stains his hands with the blood of his brothers.

His sword is drinking the blood, Raphael knows because it has teeth that chew and tear the flesh as it cuts.

Logic collapses around him, but he can fly, and fly he does, leaving screaming air in his wake.

Raphael cares not that he has changed to harbor his new Gods.

Not when he soon has Castiel in his hands, and not when he can share his bounty with the one he hates: death is no fitting gift to give to Castiel, not when the voices inside whisper that they are many, and that they are *hungry*.